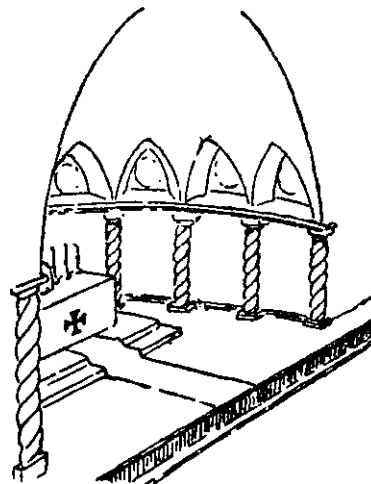




Edited By:  
Judy and Riley Crabb

# The Way of the Monk

LESSON ELEVEN in a Series  
on "The Invisible Reality  
Behind Appearances". This  
is a Cabalist View of the  
Second of the FOUR WAYS,  
the WAY of the Monk or Nun,  
Devotional Mysticism.



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THE SECOND WAY - THE WAY OF THE MONK

Lesson 11 in the Series "The Invisible Reality Behind Appearances"

Training and Discipline, from McLoughlin's "Peoples Padre"

- Page 2 - Those Others Are Not "Our Kind"
- 3 - The Path of Martyrdom
  - 4 - Worship of and Dedication to the Past
  - 5 - Ties That Bind
  - 6 - Flagellants  
Degradation of Women
  - 7 - The Divine Power of the Church
  - 8 - Sadism and Masochism
  - 9 - Martyrdom

Achieving Buddhic or Christ Consciousness, young Krishnamurti,  
from Leadbeater's "The Monad"

- Page 10 - The Advanced Mystic
- The Sea of Light
  - 11 - Conceptions so Vast
  - 12 - Points of Light in a Sea of Light

Krishnamurti In Carmel, from Landau's "God Is My Adventure"

- Page 14 - Krishnamurti on the American Scene
- 15 - They Called Me a Dreamer
  - 16 - Labels are Irrelevant
  - 17 - You Cannot Learn Through Experience
  - 18 - Liberate the Mind from all Memories
  - 19 - All That Is Real Is The Present!
  - 20 - Religion Offers Authority In Place Of Truth
  - 21 - Prayer For Something Is Economics
  - 22 - Natural, not Artificial, Stimuli
  - 23 - Sex Is An Expression of Love, Isn't it?
  - 24 - Personal Love Does Not Exist For Me
  - 25 - Even Christ Had To Differentiate

- Page 26 - I Abhor the Idea of Discipleship  
27 - The Intelligent Choose Truth  
28 - I Must Live On The Mountain Top

Another View of Krishnamurti's Rebellion Against All Authority  
In Religious Matters, from Scott's "Initiate In The Dark Cycle"

- Page 29 - Samson Tears Down the Pillars of Philosophy  
30 - His "Philosophy" Not For Women  
31 - Somebody Believes In the Masters  
- Arhat Initiation, You're On Your Own!  
32 - He Destroyed the Stairways to God  
33 - The Poison of Doubt  
- The Day of Blind Obedience Is Over  
34 - Troubled In Paradise  
35 - Trouble With a Close Friend

Path Four, The Path To Sirius, For Mystics, from Alice A. Bailey's  
"A Treatise On Cosmic Fire)

- Page 36 - Cosmic Rapture and Rhythmic Bliss  
37 - Solar System Marriage  
- The Invocation to the Flame  
- Christopher's Trip To Sirius  
38 - Lifted By a Current Of Ray Force  
39 - God In All His Beauty  
40 - A Halt At Orion  
41 - Vast Mechanisms Reaching Out To Other Stars



## THE SECOND WAY, THE WAY OF THE MONK

By Judy and Riley Crabb

Now we have come to the Way of the Monk, the Second of the Four Ways for man, and women, as suggested by Gurdjieff in his instructions on occult science to Ouspensky in "In Search of the Miraculous". This is the Way of the cloistered devotee, Lesson Eleven in our series on "The Invisible Reality Behind Appearances". As examples we have chosen the personal experiences of Emmett McLoughlin as told in his autobiography, "People's Padre", and of Krishnamurti, revealing himself in a series of interviews with Rom Landau at Carmel, California in the mid-1930s, as told in "God Is My Adventure".

In her writings on the philosophy of the Cabala, Dion Fortune tells us that there are two kinds of Mystic, generally: the moral weakling who flees to the cloister to escape the temptations of the world, and the advanced human being for whom the temptations of the world no longer have any significance, he or she has just about mastered the flesh and its disciplines.

In our estimation, Krishnamurti is a good example of the latter, the advanced type of Mystic. McLoughlin is not a perfect example of the moral weakling type because he was practically forced into the Franciscan priesthood by his parents; but the details of his dedication, the disciplines, the mortifications of the flesh, the unquestioning obedience illustrate the Way of the Monk so well. A good example of the moral weakling type is the late Thomas Merton. His struggles with the temptations of the flesh are beautifully told in his autobiographical work, "The Seven Storey Mountain".

Merton had the strength of character to return to the world and try out the moral principles he had developed as a Trappist monk, and sacrificed himself in the cause of political freedom as had his ideal, the Christ, 1900 years earlier. Crucifixion is an important part of the Way of the Monk.

"Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchizedek." This injunction or dedication to the service of the Manu of our race is laid upon the young priest when he is ushered into the aristocracy of the Church by the bishop. It also sets his family apart as something special in the community, among Roman Catholics at least. They feel as privileged as though their son were a congressman or senator, and is an important part of the Church's program of recruiting young men for Rome. If they only knew the self-discipline, the self-sacrifice and the self-annihila-

tion that would be demanded of them! Just the one of leaving the modern world, for instance, to represent an ancient church and to try to live by dogmas that were suitable to the early Middle Ages. This training usually begins in the boy's teens, after he has been pressured by his parents or by an older priest to enter the seminary.

#### THOSE OTHERS ARE NOT "OUR KIND"

The Irish potato famine of 1846 brought McLoughlin's parents to the United States, land of bright promise to people tired of a crystallized society, stagnant with too much popery. The McLoughlins knew something was wrong with the old world but they were blind to what made it that way. They came on West and finally settled down in the Irish-Catholic community of Sacramento, California.

The soul of Emmett McLoughlin chose a pioneering sign for birth, Aquarius, Feb. 3, 1907. These forward-looking vibrations would be a constant source of irritation to him during his life in the priesthood, a constricting system which continually demanded of him that he look back!

He was constantly brainwashed with Roman Catholic dogma in St. Francis parochial school: daily mass, daily religious classes and daily contact with priests and nuns. It was drummed into him that non-Catholics are not "our kind". These poor, unenlightened outsiders had only the remotest chance of reaching heaven, the Catholic heaven of course. Was there any other? He finally acceded to the fondest wish of his mother's heart and started training for the priesthood.

"When a boy enters a seminary," writes McLoughlin, "he begins twelve years of the most thorough and effective intellectual indoctrination the world has ever known!" Here again he reveals the egocentric propaganda of his Church. Surely the "intellectual indoctrination" of young Buddhists, Mohammedans, Brahmins, Confucians is equally effective. In this respect there is little difference between the organized priesthods of the world, regardless of what god they worship; any intelligent Cabalist should recognize this.

The training begins with a gentle blend of competition in studies, the legitimate pleasures of boyhood and ancient religious pageantry. It ends twelve years later with mental rigidity, acceptance of mediaeval religious superstitions and archaic concepts. There are six years in junior seminary, four of high school and two of college. Roman Catholic philosophy is studied in the senior six years, plus the intricacies of Catholic theology.

All this was studied in the all-important indoctrination of exclusiveness. This is so characteristic of priesthods, so necessary to their self-perpetuation over a period of hundreds and

thousands of years. Nations, rulers on which the priesthoods fasten themselves, come and go, but the priesthoods go on forever.

McLoughlin found that the young seminarians he was with could not go alone into the city, to the beach or to the mountains. There were no outside sports, either. They were not allowed to read the daily newspapers. None were available to them, nor were any non-Catholic magazines. Daily mass was compulsory, also community morning and evening prayers. The textbooks they studied were all written by Catholic authors.



EMMETT MCLOUGHLIN

This exclusiveness -- and control -- was even more rigidly enforced in the matter of personal mail. All incoming mail was opened and read by the Prefect of Discipline, a member of the staff. Letters considered unacceptable by the standards of the organization were confiscated, according to McLoughlin. The young seminarians found that their outgoing mail was also subjected to total surveillance. Their letters had to be placed, unsealed, in the Prefect's office.

Personal radios were also forbidden. The only time the boys could listen to one was on the fall Saturdays when the Jesuit school, Notre Dame, was playing a Protestant university! And of course that Saturday morning's Mass was dedicated to Notre Dame's winning the day's football game. The Roman Catholic god would vindicate the faith with victory over the heretics. This is Black Magick, of course, but no priest would ever admit it. Nor would he admit to the millions in gambling earnings from such victories over the years.

#### THE PATH OF MARTYRDOM

The young seminarians were taught to believe that the non-Catholic public disliked them. This laid greater emphasis on the fact that they were almost totally withdrawn from the world and set up the possibility of persecution at the hands of the heretics. They were instructed to "pray for grace" to be willing martyrs at the hands of vicious non-Catholics.

During this time Emmett had nothing to do with any women except his mothers and sisters. He made one lapse from grace during one summer vacation at home in Sacramento. He accepted a ride home, from a friend, a girl was sitting next to him in the car. His mother saw this on their arrival at the house and afterward gave him the most severe upbraiding of his life.

"You are dedicated to God! You should not even talk to girls!"

You must never allow such temptation to come close to you again!"

Poor, misguided woman, traitor to her own sex, giving unthinking support to an antiquated dogma which kept women in a subordinate, degraded condition for thousands of years.

#### WORSHIP OF, AND DEDICATION TO, THE PAST

When Emmett McLoughlin took part in the ceremony which entered him into the Novitiate, he shared in rituals which "swept aside the centuries". The young men were brought down from the seminary at Santa Barbara to the dimly lit halls of the monastic church at San Luis Rey, a few miles inland from Oceanside, California.

As he stood before the Provincial of the Franciscans his ordinary, worldly clothes were torn from him and thrown across the floor of the church. The hymns chanted were those of the Sixth Century, from the time of Pope Gregory the Great. Over his head was dropped the rough, hooded robe of the kind worn by St. Francis in 1206 A.D. His head was given the usual shaven tonsure. The usual underclothes also had to be replaced with a coarse, woolen under-habit. The priestly "uniform" was completed with flannel knee-pants and sandals. His initiation was finalized with a new name, Latin of course, Emantus or Emmett.

Roman Catholic indoctrination was now more intense than it had been before, even subversive. He was taught that American life was sinful, even that American government was wrong for allowing Protestantism to exist in this country. Our present form of government was to be tolerated only because it did give unlimited freedom to the Church. The only ideal government, he was taught in that year of intensive study secluded from the world, was Roman Catholic government, despotic and intolerant as were the Popes of the Middle Ages, as enjoyed today by the people of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, France.

Under the subversive teachings of Thomas Aquinas and other Roman Catholic theologians American civics and due process of law faded away. McLoughlin had become a citizen of the Church, living by accident in the United States of America. The only time he was urged to exercise his right of American citizenship was when a Roman Catholic ran for president of the United States. He had to vote for Al Smith in 1928.

In these modern times, if the intensive indoctrination of Mussolini's Fascism, Hitler's Naziism and Stalin's Communism have a familiar ring to them, they should have. The techniques were picked up from close observation and imitation of the Roman Catholic priesthood. An important part of the deliberate separateness of such exclusive groups is a professional jargon all their own. For priests, of course, it is Latin, the language of their studies.



## THE TIES THAT BIND

The vows of obedience, poverty and chastity are the chains by which the Church binds its priests to a lifetime of service to Roman Catholicism. These vows are taken at the end of the novitiate year. This is a year of intensive seclusion and indoctrination designed to sweep the young priest to emotional heights.

Writes McLoughlin , "In my own mind I bound myself directly to God in a dedication of love."

The young Franciscan is trained to give complete, abject, unreasoning obedience to his superiors. This is the complete antithesis of the American ideal of democracy, as well as of the Hermetic Path which we follow! The student of the Western Tradition is expected to have enough strength of character to decide for himself what is right and wrong, and to make an intelligent choice for the Good! Bowing to no one, having no other God but the God within. This is the First Commandment. The leaders of the Roman Catholic Church interpret it differently.

The young Franciscan priest must learn to kneel on one knee and kiss the lowest knot on the Provincial Superior's robe cord when the Provincial greets him. Of all three vows the vow of obedience is most important of all. It identifies all ecclesiastical superiors with the Church and the Church is identified with God. Every command from a superior is a command from God himself, regardless of how petulant, how evil or how ill-advised the command may be. The command must be obeyed under penalty of sin. If the command from the superior is "under Holy Obedience", for the priest to refuse is a mortal sin.

The Franciscan Order uses all its property at the pleasure of the Pope-- but the Pope's confessor is a Jesuit! Who is a member of the military order of the Church, and whose head is called a general!

The Franciscan Order is presumably bound by Canon Law to the strictest poverty; so young Emmett was told; but he found that most priests and officials of the Order ignored the Vow of Poverty. Of course he was not told this, and the meals of the young priests were served in an atmosphere of medievalism, poverty and austerity, also in silence.

The vow of chastity binds the priestly enthusiast to a life of celibacy. He is taught that chastity and celibacy are the most sacred of virtues. These mark him above all others as a follower of Christ, the Roman Catholic Christ, that is. Perhaps this is why young priests are not encouraged to read the Bible, especially the New Testament; for if they do, they learn to their dismay that most of Christ's disciples were married men! And the young priest

learns to crush the desires of the flesh with fasting, self-denial and physical pain. His cell, as does the cell of every other young priest, contains a whip of knotted cord. Self-abuse takes on a new meaning for Franciscan novitiates -- at least for those in the Santa Barbara seminary in the 1930s.

### FLAGELLANTS

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 5:45 p.m., young McLoughlin had to retire to his cell, chanting the Miserere. There he disrobed himself and "scourged his flesh into submission".

To assure himself of young priestly compliance the Father Superior patrols the corridors to listen to the sounds of the self-beatings. The Church is of course greatly concerned about the dangers of homosexual hanky panky under such close and restricted circumstances for young men just coming into the prime of life. This is called "particular friendship". There were very strict regulations against going to or being found in the room of another priest, backed up by real punishment.

Another severe stricture on the young priests was "custody of the eyes". They were ordered to keep their eyes on the ground to avoid looking at young women. Of course everything connected with sex was considered sinful. Even to discuss a wet dream with another student would bring severe punishment.

### DEGRADATION OF WOMEN

Their studies of the lives and teachings of the Roman Catholic saints taught them that women were tools of the devil. This is probably the most vicious of all the Church's damnable dogmas. In all seriousness, McLoughlin's teachers told him that women were devils in beautiful form to test man's virtue of chastity. That a man should degrade his own mother thus was something of a surprise to Emmett.

"All women are vicious and malicious," his Superior told him.

"Was your mother?" asked McLoughlin innocently.

The priest changed the subject.

He found that the Church preached the ideal of the God of love in public, but governed its underlings with fear and humiliation in private. Even the doctrine of Christ's love was darkened and overshadowed by the hideous, tortured, bleeding caricature of the Savior in every cathedral. He was constantly reminded of the fear of sin and the ever-threatening fires of hell, into which he would be plunged if he failed to comply with the Church's numerous regulations. Thus were his individuality and his personality submerged into the devious designs of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

## THE DIVINE POWER OF THE CHURCH

Emmett expected the study of moral theology to be the most ennobling, uplifting of all those in which he was engaged, instead he found it to be a study of power, the power by which the Church maintained control over its subjects. It was a study of the powers of the Pope, to inflict penalties for action or lack of action deemed necessary to preserve the Church. There was a long list of sins to be learned, sins of thought, sins of deed, sins of omission, sins of commission.

He was told he could think for himself when he began the study of philosophy; but it was philosophy carefully chosen to enhance the Church as the repository of all that was worthwhile in human thought; and McLoughlin and his fellow seminarians had already been carefully brainwashed to rigid conformism.

He compared their intellectual freedom to the freedom of a puppy who has been on the leash and who is now released to run around freely within a fenced-in enclosure!

They studied philosophy all right, the Church's system of philosophy and logic after six years of intensive Roman Catholic discipline. They were free to debate philosophy and logic, but only within the Seminary, and under their rigid daily rules. The Seminarians set up straw men with carefully chosen quotations and easily knocked them down to confound the heretics.

The school's library contained no books on philosophy by Nietzsche, Freud, Jung, Schopenhauer, Santayana, Hume, Locke, Berkeley or Karl Marx. So the young priests were trained to think that they had successfully refuted all modern philosophy.

Nothing was said to them to indicate that their parents had fled Europe to escape dictatorial political systems corrupted by the Roman Catholic priesthood. Quite the opposite, American government was portrayed as the outgrowth of Roman Catholic doctrine!! Emmett was taught that the nation's Founding Fathers borrowed their radical political ideas from the writings of Cardinal Bellarmine. Dictatorship is the antithesis of Democracy but this was glossed over with a layer of Jesuit sophistries which portrayed the Church as the mother, rather than the enemy, of Democracy.

The education of all Roman Catholic priests throughout the world is under the supervision of the Vatican, with most of the textbooks written by Jesuits. Actually, the young priest receives a double indoctrination, on Roman Catholicism, and on the doctrines of his Order. Of course he is brainwashed into believing his Order is the best in the Church. The subservience in the monasteries creates a rigidly structured caste system based on power, not love. The endless rules and regulations have created a graded series of punishments for violators, not the least of which was beating on

the bare buttocks with a rod or rubber hose, until the offender's spirit was chastened and his pride broken.

### SADISM AND MASOCHISM

The beatings were administered by the priest in charge, where all could hear and some could see. One doesn't have to be a student of Krafft-Ebbing to realize what effect these daily spectacles would have on sexually deprived young men, especially if they were inclined toward sadism or masochism. Their emotional natures would be permanently warped.

McLoughlin inwardly rebelled against what he called "childish disciplines" imposed on young priests. He turned to smoking as a form of outward protest and developed a pity, perhaps even a contempt, for seminary-satisfied souls that had become not merely childlike, but childish.

He could see that their minds were undisturbed by questions about the fallibility or infallibility of their Church. The rigid disciplines of behavior, feeling and thought had accomplished their purpose. Most of these young men concentrated only on what they could do as ordained priests of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, "as alter Christus, another Christ".

Emmett went along with his ordination and assignation to the Spanish-American slum district of Phoenix, Arizona in the 1930s. There he learned how an organized priesthood gains and maintains economic control of a community. He was sickened by the realization that the majority of the landlords of the slum district were either the Church itself or by wealthy Roman Catholics who were idealized as princes of the Church! Whenever or wherever he turned he was met by the ultra-conservative opposition of this oligarchy. Slum dwellers weren't to be rehabilitated or uplifted, they were to be exploited!

It was inevitable that his practical idealism would bring him into conflict with his superiors, and also, inevitably, force his separation from the priesthood. The brainwashing didn't take. There was desperate need for medical services and facilities in the slum. The obvious solution was a hospital; so McLoughlin threw himself into the project with his typical organizing skill and vigor. It was a community effort, financed by public donations and government money loaned under the Hill-Burton Act -- all non-sectarian as far as Emmett was concerned. Phoenix grew during World War II and the priest's hospital had to grow with it, to meet the growing needs for medical services. The hospital became a money-maker, and McLoughlin's superiors in the Franciscans saw the profits of the hospital being plowed back into community services rather than into the coffers of the Church. This would never do;

so they set about the task of converting this piece of public service property into private property of the Church.

## MARTYRDOM

McLoughlin was horrified at this thievery. Public money had financed the hospital. It belonged to the people, not to some private corporation operating behind a religious facade! The Franciscan solution to the deadlock was to order the People's Padre transferred to another assignment. Then they could bring in an administrator who could be trusted to bow to the will of the Church.

Emmett refused to budge. This gave him no choice but to leave the Church, a soul-wrenching decision under any circumstances. Then, as if this were not drastic enough, he added insult to injury by publicly marrying the woman he loved. Then the full fury of the Church fell upon him. Somewhere, privately, no doubt, the horrible curse of excommunication was chanted and a requiem mass performed. As far as the Church was concerned, Emmett McLoughlin was dead.

The public results of this were a continuing program of character assassination -- with the vilest stories being circulated in Phoenix -- and two attempts on his life. At a party of Roman Catholics a fanatic jumped on him and tried to strangle him to death. Fortunately for the ex-priest, he was the stronger of the two, managed to break the hold, and fled the party. The second attempt was a sudden attack of blood poisoning which required quick hospitalization to save his life.

So, Emmett McLoughlin is no longer walking the Second Way, the Way of the Monk, the Path of Devotion. He has graduated to the Third Way, the Way of the Mind. It's a dramatic story, well written, and you can read it in his book, "The People's Padre", Beacon Press, Boston, 1954. By 1962 the little masterpiece on American priesthood had gone through 23 printings. A second book by him, "Crime and Immorality in the Catholic Church" was published by Lyle Stuart, New York, 1962.

The only way we can explain his survival, of a Church which never forgives and never forgets, is good karma earned by years of unselfish devotion to the needs of others. Thus he has created a large bank account of good will upon which his Teachers on the Inner Planes can draw when protection is needed. If you would have protection on the Path, at cost to yourself spend time and effort in the protection and well-being of others. Thus you earn interest-bearing gold certificates, the Coin of the Realm of the Christ. The returns are considerable.

## THE ADVANCED MYSTIC ACHIEVES BUDDHIC CONSCIOUSNESS

From C.W. Leadbeater's "The Monad"

We are inclined to believe that the subject under discussion here is young Krishnamurti, though Bishop Leadbeater doesn't identify him by name. In "The Monad", a Theosophical publication, the Bishop merely writes: "A student of deeply affectionate nature developed an intense love for his Teacher."

The student made a strong mental image of his Teacher and poured his love into that image every day with all his force. The effect of this daily "meditation" -- contemplation would be a more accurate word -- was to flood the student's astral body with crimson, an effort which was obviously beneficial to him; so Leadbeater suggested that he try to unify his consciousness with his Teacher while pouring out the love.

The student readily complied. During his next contemplation he felt a sensation of actually rising through space but finding a "roof" barring his way. But then a sort of tube formed above him, through the barrier, and he rose on upward into a region of blinding light. The bliss was so overwhelming that he couldn't find words to describe it.

The Light and power of that new world grasped him like a giant hand and flooded him with electricity.

The student told Leadbeater afterward: "It was as though God had taken me unto himself, and I felt His life running through me."

He found that his consciousness was no longer limited as it had been before. He was, somehow, everywhere present in that marvilous sea of light. He was that sea himself! "It's center everywhere, its circumference nowhere."

Leadbeater realized the boy had unified his consciousness with that of



BISHOP LEADBEATER



J. KRISHNAMURTI  
(Today, 1975)

his Teacher, thoroughly comprehending and sharing the Teacher's wider outlook. Also, the boy saw himself through his Teacher's eyes!

"I found myself loving myself through my teacher's intense love for me, and I knew that I could and would make myself worthy of it."

He also realized he had entered the shrine of his true Master. This was the World Teacher with whom his own Teacher was one; for there was a depth of devotion and reverence never before reached. There was a consciousness of unrealizable splendor.

Then the boy's strength failed him and slid back down his tube and into his physical body.

Leadbeater realized that the student had made entry into the Buddhist plane directly! This was by reflection of his intense devotion of the highest Astral level into the lowest Intuition world without the usual toilsome progress through the various stages of the mental world.

The boy's mentor was concerned that there might be strain from this unusual effort but there were no adverse physical effects. The student of the Mysteries was in radiant health. The boy had a combination of iron will and golden love very rare on this Sorrowful Star, the Earth.

So Leadbeater urged the boy to try to rise higher still in that August Consciousness until he came to the very feet of God, Himself. He succeeded in unifying himself temporarily with that wider Consciousness. He likened it to swimming out into a vast lake full of such ineffable glories that he could not understand them nor describe them.

There were conceptions so vast no human mind could grasp them in their totality, but he gained new ideas of what love and devotion can be! Once a day he continued his efforts to penetrate that great lake of love. There was no end to it; but he found it was permeated by a subtler glory that was even greater, and pushed on into that.

Then came the realization that this was the consciousness of the great World Teacher himself. In becoming one with his own Teacher, the boy had become one with the Teacher's Master. Into that shoreless sea of Love and Compassion he plunges daily for strength and for upliftment. But this wasn't the end of it; for one day he reached an even further development which was the se-

cond sub-level of the Buddhic plane and as much above the first Buddhic sub-plane as that had been above the Astral! The love was so intense, the bliss so profound that the boy observed, "If I did not know that it is impossible for me to attain it yet, I should say that this must be Nirvana."

This second Buddhic plane introduces power and balance into the student's daily life which persists well beyond the time of meditation. He eventually expects this ecstasy or rapture to become his permanent possession, a constant radiance and sunniness.

Best of all there was no slightest reaction of depression after each union. This proved that the experience was not just emotional.

In that vast sea of Light he became gradually aware of points of Light. He came to realize these points were the consciousnesses of other people. These were their highest qualities and spiritual aspirations. The point of Light was the Buddhi of some human being in the lower worlds -- or as the Christian would say, the Christ-self.

The student found that he could pour himself down into the lower bodies of the person whom the point of Light represented. This unified him with their personalities and gave him a remarkable comprehension of their strengths and weaknesses. This was a most valuable quality for him to have for his future work and service.

Where is the Buddhic Plane on our Cabalistic chart of the Four Worlds and the seven planes of consciousness? If you have a copy of Part Two of our Studies in "The Invisible Reality Behind Appearances", turn to page 33 and the chart of the Four Worlds. If Buddhic consciousness is above the mental world, as Leadbeater describes it, this would be the world of Concrete Spirit; but Intuition begins with Christ-consciousness and on our Tree of Life this is Tiphareth, Sephirah No. 6, the Sun center on the Tree.

On the opposite page is a reproduction of the photo of Jeddu Krishnamurti which appears with journalist Rom Landau's interviews with Krishnaji at Carmel, California in the early 1930s. The photo is by Edward Weston. The interviews are in Landau's "God Is My Adventure", Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1936. We adapted them into dialog style for radio use in Honolulu, Hawaii in 1956 and also for dramatic reading at the Honolulu Lodge of the Theosophical Society.





## KRISHNAMURTI IN CARMEL

From Rom Landau's "God Is My Adventure"

ROM: When I decided to visit Krishnamurti in California in 1934 I hoped to get a glimpse of the spiritual atmosphere. I soon noticed that the disappointment and the growing mistrust of purely material salvation, resulting from the economic disasters of the last few years, had created in many people a hunger for things of the spirit. It was not without significance that Krishnamurti was to be found on the American scene, exercising a spiritual influence through personal contact. His message was transplanted to American soil at one of the most critical and thus spiritually most propitious times in the evolution of American civilization.

Seven years earlier, when I had met and meditated with him in Holland he radiated nothing so strongly as beauty, and though now older, he had looked a youth in his earlier twenties. Silver threads ran through the thick black hair, and the lines of the face betrayed, perhaps, some hidden worry or conflict.

I was slightly nervous at the thought of our first conversation. The lack of common daily experiences tends to make such a conversation artificial.

KRI: I don't quite know what you want from me, or whether I'll be able to satisfy you. How do you propose to proceed?

ROM: I have not come all this way from England to enjoy a polite conversation with you or to plunge into abstract philosophical discussions. I came to find out the truth. Let me quote the relevant passage from a biography of Annie Besant by Theodore Besterman: "Mr. Krishnamurti is now in a position in which he is able to do much good; the message he is bringing to the world is badly needed. But he must realize that, as an advocate of truth in the largest sense, he must himself act the Truth. Up to 1929 Mr. Krishnamurti's life was entangled in a complex network of far-reaching claims. . . ."

KRI: No apologies are necessary. You can ask me anything you want. There is no privacy in my life and everyone may hear any detail that may interest him.

ROM: Let's start off with your supposed authorship of that little mystical book you wrote as a boy, *At The Feet of the Master*, under the direct guidance of a master preparing you for an initiation. This is what Besterman says about one of your

earliest "crimes": "Krishnamurti must tell us about the authorship of such books as At The Feet Of The Master, which appear under his name, or he will never obtain the ear of intelligent and educated people. . . "

KRI: I am bound to say a few words about myself before I can answer your question. You must have noticed that I have got an extremely bad memory for what one may call physical realities. When you arrived this morning I could not remember whether we had met two, three or ten years ago. Neither can I remember where and how we met. People used to call me a dreamer and they accused me, quite rightly, of being desperately vague. I was hopeless at school in India. Teachers or friends would talk to me. I would listen to them and yet I wouldn't have the faintest notion of what they were talking about. I remember vaguely having written something when I was a boy educated by Bishop Leadbeater, but I haven't the slightest recollection whether I wrote a whole book of only a few pages. I don't know what Leadbeater did with the pages I wrote, whether he corrected them or not, whether they were kept or destroyed. I don't know whether I wrote of my own accord or whether I was influenced by some power outside myself. I wish I knew. I, too, would like to know the facts about the writing of the book, At The Feet Of The Master. I can still see myself sitting at a table and writing something that did not come at all easily to me. It must have been some 25 years ago.

ROM: How old are you now?

KRI: I can't tell. In India age matters less than in the West, and records of age are not kept. According to my passport I was born in 1897.

ROM: Many people are sceptical with regard to you because you have never denied the claims made by Besant and others on your behalf. You have never got up and said clearly: "All this talk about my being the World Teacher is bunkum. I deny the truth of it."

KRI: I never denied or affirmed that I was Christ or anybody else. Such attributions are utterly meaningless to me.

ROM: But not to the people who come and listen to you!

KRI: Had I said yes, they would have wanted me to perform miracles walk on water or awaken the dead. Had I said no, I am not Christ, they would have taken this as an authoritative statement and acted accordingly. I am, however, against all authority in spiritual matters, against all standards created by one person for the sake of others. Today I can only say that I consider my own person of no special importance, Christ or no Christ. What matters is whether what I say can help people or not. Any confirmation or denial on my part would only evoke corresponding expectations on the part of the people.

When I visit India people ask me: "Why do you wear European clothes and eat every day? You cannot be a true teacher. If you were one, you would be fasting and walking about in a loincloth." It does not follow that because Gandhi wears only a loincloth and Christ walked on water, I must do likewise. The labels for my personality are irrelevant. But there was another reason for never denying clearly the claims made on my behalf. It was regard for Dr. Besant. Had I said that I was not the World Teacher, people would have cried, "Mrs. Besant is a liar!" My categorical denial would have harmed and hurt her. By saying nothing I did spare her without harming anyone else.

ROM: Why did you go on lecturing after renouncing your organization?

KRI: I never thought of that. I went on lecturing out of habit, I suppose. I was made to do it since my boyhood. It is only in the last few years that I have become fully aware of all my daily actions and that I no longer act as though walking in a dream.

ROM: I believe you, Krishnaji, but will my readers?

KRI: I can help neither you nor them if they wont. I am telling you the whole truth. I presume that people with a strongly developed sense of facts and a good memory must find me exasperating. But I cannot help that.

ROM: When did you decide to give up that organization, the Order of the Star, built up for you by Dr. Besant and the Theosophists, and to renounce all your earthly possessions? And why did you do it?

KRI: I did not feel clearly about it until 1929. I spoke to Dr. Besant about my decision. She only said: "For me you are the Teacher, no matter what your decision is. I cannot understand it, but I shall have to respect it." For a certain time she appeared to be rather shaken, but she was a splendid woman and at last she seemed to agree with what I was doing. I gave up my organization because I came to realize beyond doubt that anything of that sort must be hindering if you want to find truth. Churches, dogmas, ceremonies are nothing but stumbling blocks on the road to truth.

ROM: But you go on lecturing even today, dont you?

KRI: Indeed I do. I feel more than ever that I can help people. Of course I cannot give them happiness or truth. No one can. But I can help them to discern a way of approaching truth. Last year I went to Australia and at times I had to speak to ten thousand people. Next, a tour of South American countries.

ROM: Do you make much money during those tours?

KRI: None at all, though they pay my expenses.

ROM: Some people accuse you of having accepted large fortunes left to you by a number of very rich people in England and America, that you are practically a millionaire.

KRI: Do you know what I possess? A couple of suits, a few books, a few personal belongings -- and no money. There are a few kind friends who help to keep my alive. If I had money I should give it away as I did before. If no one gave me anything I should just work for my living.

ROM: Having cleared that up -- what is your message for today?

KRI: I have no message. If I had one, most people would accept it blindly and try to live up to it, merely because of the authority which they try to force upon me.

ROM: But what do you tell people when they come and ask you to help them?

KRI: Most people come and ask me whether they can learn through experience.

ROM: And your answer is?

KRI: That they cannot.

ROM: No?

KRI: Of course not. You cannot learn spiritual truth through experience. Don't you see? Let us assume you had a deep sorrow and you learned how to fight against it. This experience will induce you to apply the same method of overcoming grief during your next sorrow.

ROM: That does not seem wrong to me.

KRI: But it is wrong. Instead of doing something vital, you try to adapt a dead method to life. Your former experience had become a prescription, a medicine. But life is too complicated, too subtle for that. It never repeats itself; no two sorrows in your life are alike. Each new sorrow or joy must be dealt with in that particular fashion that the uniqueness of the experience requires.

ROM: How can that be done?

KRI: By eliminating the memory of former experiences; by destroying all recollection of our actions and reactions.

ROM: What remains after we have destroyed them all?

KRI: An inner preparedness that brings you nearer truth. You never ought to act according to old habits but in the way life wants you to act -- spontaneously, on the spur of the moment.

ROM: Does this apply to everything in life?

KRI: It does. You must try to eliminate from your life all old habits and systems of behaviour, because no two moments in any life are exactly similar.

ROM: But all this is only negative, and I don't find anything positive at all in your scheme of things.

KRI: You don't need to search for the positive. It is always there, though hidden behind a huge heap of old experiences. Eliminate all of them, and truth -- or what you call the positive -- will be there. It comes up automatically. You cannot help it.

ROM: What is truth, according to you?

KRI: Call it truth or liberation or even God. It is all the same. Truth is for me the release of the mind from all burdens of memory. Truth is awareness, constant awareness of life within and without you. Do you follow?

ROM: I do, but please explain to me what you mean by awareness.

KRI: What matters is that we should live completely at every moment of our lives. That is the only real liberation. Truth is nothing abstract; it is neither philosophy, occultism nor mysticism. It is everyday life; it is perceiving the meaning and wisdom of life around us. The only life worth dealing with is our present life and every one of its moments. But to understand it we must liberate our mind from all memories and allow it to appreciate spontaneously the present moment.

ROM: I take it that by spontaneous appreciation you mean an appreciation dictated solely by the circumstances of the moment?

KRI: Exactly. There can be no other spontaneity of life; and that is precisely what I call real awareness. Do you understand?

ROM: I do, but I doubt whether such awareness can really be expressed in words. I think it can only be understood if we actually experience it ourselves. No description can possibly do it justice.

KRI: That is so. But what is one to do?

ROM: What indeed, Krishnaji? I wondered what you really meant when you told me yesterday that you tried to help people by talking to them. Can anyone who has not himself gone through that state of awareness of which you speak comprehend what it means? Those who possess it do not need to hear about it.

KRI: (PAUSE) And yet this is the only way one can help people. I think that one clarifies people's minds by discussing these things with them. Eventually they will perceive truth for themselves. Dont you agree?

ROM: Dont you think that the limits of time and space must cease to exist once we establish within ourselves a constant awareness of life?

KRI: Of course they must. The past is only a result of memories. It is dead stuff. Once we cease to carry about with us this ballast there will no time limits with regard to the past. The same is true in a slightly different way with regard to the future. But all this talk about seeing into the future or the past is only a result of purely intellectual curiosity. At every lecture I give half a dozen people always ask me about their future and past incarnations. As though it mattered what they were or what they will be. All that is real is the present. Whether we can look into tomorrow or across continents is meaningless from a spiritual point of view.

ROM: Dont you think that a conscious perception through time and space can be very valuable? Dont you think that the results obtained by Rudolf Steiner's occult perceptions are really helpful to humanity?

KRI: I have never studied Steiner and I wish you could tell me more about him. As for occult perceptions, for me they are not particularly spiritual; they are merely a certain method of investigation.

ROM: You have never read any of Steiner's books?

KRI: Nor have I read any of the other philosophers. . .

ROM: But Steiner was not a philosopher!!

KRI: Yes, I know. I only meant writers of a philosophical or similar kind. I cannot read them. I am sorry, but I just cant. Living and reacting to life is that I am interested in. All theory is abhorrent to me.

ROM: Or any other questions which deals with abstractions, or your personal life, or which draws you away from that plane of inner awareness which is your perpetual state. But did you really mean that, you never read philosophy?

KRI: Goodness me, yes! What should I read philosophy for?

ROM: Perhaps to learn from it.

KRI: Do you seriously think you can learn from books? You can accumulate knowledge, yes. You can learn facts and technicalities, but you cannot learn truth, happiness, or any of the things that really matter. You can read for your entertainment, for thousands of other reasons, but not to learn the essential things. You can only learn from living and acknowledging the life that is your very own. But not from the lives of others.

ROM: Does that mean that in your opinion nothing can ever be learned from books, from the experiences of others?

KRI: I shall refrain from saying definitely yes, though I feel inclined to do so. The knowledge of others only builds up barriers within ourselves, barriers that stand in the way of an impulsive reaction to life. Of course it is easier to go through life learning from the experience of others, leaning on Aristotle, on Kant, on Bergson or on Freud; but that is not living your life, facing reality. It is merely evading reality by hiding behind a screen created by someone else.

ROM: Do you consider this true of religion also?

KRI: I do. Religions offer people authority in place of truth; they give them crutches instead of making their legs strong; they give them drugs instead of urging them to push out along their own paths in search of truth for themselves. I fear none of the churches today has very much to do with truth.

ROM: Do many of the thousands who come to listen to you, ask you questions about religious matters?

KRI: Most of them do. There are three questions that crop up over and over again, and no meeting is complete without them, whether I speak in India, in Australia, in Europe or in California. I deduce from their popularity that they must deal with the three most urgent spiritual problems of modern man. They are questions about the value of experience, of prayer, and of religion in general.

ROM: What is your attitude towards prayer?

KRI: Prayer in which you ask God for something is in my opinion utterly wrong.

ROM: Even if you ask God for help to achieve the awareness you were talking about?



- KRI: Even then. How can anything be spiritual -- and prayer, I take it, is supposed to be something spiritual -- that asks for a reward? This is not spirituality but economics, or whatever else you like to call it. In spiritual truth things just are; but there can be no requests, promises or rewards. A reward can never be anything else but fixed, stationary, if you understand what I mean. Spiritual life, true life, must always be moving -- fluctuating, alive.
- ROM: But cannot prayer be just a bridge along which we move towards the inner awareness?
- KRI: It can, but that is not what people generally understand by prayer. What you now mean is simply a state of real living, inner expectation. This identifies us with truth. Do you see the difference?
- ROM: I do, and therefore I presume that you deny all crystallized forms invented by man for the attainment of truth, such as meditation, yoga or other methods of mental exercise.
- KRI: Yes, it is so. How can you expect to achieve something which is constantly fluctuating through a method that, in your own words is crystallized -- or in my words, dead? People often come to me and ask me about the value of meditation. All I can tell them is that I see no reason why they should meditate on one particular subject, instead of meditating on everything that enters their life, because it seems to me that deliberate concentration on one particular thought, eliminating all others, must create an inner conflict. I consider it wiser to meditate on whatever happens to enter your mind; whether it be about what you will do this afternoon or as to which suit you will put on. Such thoughts are as important -- if attended to with your full inner awareness -- as any philosophy. It is not the subject of your thought that matters so much as the quality of your thinking. Try to complete a thought instead of banishing it, and your mind will become a wonderful creative instrument instead of a battlefield of competing thoughts. Your meditation will then develop into a constant alertness of mind. That is what I understand by meditation.
- ROM: Count Keyserling told me that for him meditation was nothing else but facing reality as it came along.
- KRI: I agree with him in that respect. You can find truth only by your own constant awareness of life. You must not try to live up to somebody else's standards, because inevitably those of two different men can never be really identical.
- ROM: Does this mean that you believe in the absolute equality of men?

KRI: Of course I do, though not in the way Communism understands it. Because I preach equality of races, religions and castes, Communists think that I preach Communism. American Communists often come to visit me at Ojai and say: "We believe in you because you preach the things that we do. But why dont you join our party?" They dont understand that I am not only unable to join their party, or any other party, but that I cannot possibly agree with their methods!

ROM: How is equality to be achieved?

KRI: Only by greater knowledge, by deeper understanding, by better education, by making people grasp what life means! How can you do this if the leaders themselves dont know, if they themselves behave like automatons and preach their particular gospels not from an inner awareness of life and its necessities -- which means according to real truth -- but by repeating over and over again certain formulae invented by others.

ROM: Such as redistributing the wealth?

KRI: No. You cannot achieve equality by taking their possessions away from people. What you must take away from them is their instinct of possessiveness. This does not apply only to land and money, a factory or a sable coat. It also applies to a book, to a flower, to your wife, your lover or your child. I dont mean to say that you must not have or enjoy any of these things. Of course you must! But you must enjoy them for the sake of the joy they transmit, and not for the feeling of pleasure that their possession gives you. Nothing can be gained or altered by taking things away from the rich and giving them to the poor, thus developing their feeling of greed and possessiveness.

ROM: What about the possessiveness of strong sexual passion? Should people give way to that, the urge of the moment?

KRI: Nothing is wrong if it is the result of something that is really within you. Follow your urge, if it is not created by artificial stimuli -- and there will be no sex problem in your life. A problem arises only when something within us that is real is opposed by intellectual considerations.

ROM: But surely it is not only intellectual considerations that cause many people to believe the satisfaction of a strong sex urge to be wrong, even if it is too strong to be suppressed.

KRI: Suppression can never solve a problem. Nor can self-discipline do it. That is only substituting one problem for another.

ROM: But how do you expect millions of people, who have become

slaves of sex, to solve the friction between their urge and that judicial sense which tries to prevent them from giving way? For them their sex needs are a grave problem.

KRI: For me this problem does not exist. After all, sex is an expression of love, isn't it? I personally derive as much satisfaction and joy from touching the hand of a person I am fond of as another might get from sexual intercourse.

ROM: But what about the ordinary person who has not attained to your state of maturity, or whatever it should be called?

KRI: To begin with, people ought to see sex in its proper proportions. It is not sex as a vital inner urge that dominates people nowadays so much as the images and thoughts of sex. You can hardly open a newspaper, travel by the underground or walk along a street without coming across advertisements and posters that appeal to your sex instincts in order to sing the praises of a pair of stockings, a new toothpaste or a particular brand of cigarette. Oh it is beastly, simply beastly. Sex has been degraded to become the servant of unimaginative salesmanship. You are being constantly attacked, and you no longer know whether it is your own sex urge or the sex vibration produced artificially by life around you. This degrading, emphatic appeal to our sex instincts is one of the most beastly signs of our civilization. Take it away, and most of the so-called sex urge is gone. I am not a moralist. I have nothing against sex. But I don't want sex to be cheapened, to be introduced into all those forms of life where it does not belong.

ROM: Nevertheless, Krishnaji, your world without its beastly sex appeal will be found only in Utopia. We are dealing with the world as it actually is, and as it will probably be in days to come, long after you and I are gone.

KRI: That may be so, but it does not concern me. I am not a doctor; I cannot prescribe half-remedies; I deal simply and solely with fundamental spiritual truth. If you are in search of remedies and half-methods you must go to a psychologist. I can only repeat that if you readjust yourself in such a way as to allow love to become an omnipresent feeling in which sex will be an expression of genuine affection, all these wretched sex problems will cease to exist. These problems don't exist in reality. It is only yourselves who create them. It is yourselves who must solve them! I cannot do it for you. I can only deal with spiritual truth and not with spiritual quackery.

ROM: You are helping me to understand what Christ must have meant when he spoke of his love without distinction for every human being, and of all men being brothers.

KRI: I no longer know personal love.

ROM: But surely you must love some people more than others. After all, even a person like yourself is bound to have emotional preferences.

KRI: I don't speak to you merely to satisfy the curiosity of an author who happens to be writing about me, or to help you personally. I talk mainly to clarify a number of things for myself. I am not trying to impress you, to convince you or to teach you. Personal love does not exist for me. Love is for me a constant inner state. It does not matter to me whether I am now with you, with my brother or with an utter stranger -- I have the same feeling of affection for all and each of you.

ROM: But aren't people likely to think that you are superficial and cold? That perhaps your love is not strong enough to be directed at one person only?

KRI: It is not indifference. It is merely a feeling of love that is constantly within me and that I simply cannot help giving to everyone I come into touch with. People were shocked by my recent behavior after Mrs. Besant's death. I did not cry but was serene, and people said I was devoid of all human feeling. As my love goes out to everyone it could not be affected by the departure of one individual, even if this was Mrs. Besant. Grief can no longer take possession of you when love becomes the basis of your entire being.

ROM: But there must be some people in your life who mean nothing to you or who you even dislike.

KRI: There aren't any people I dislike. Love is simply there like the color of my skin, the sound of my voice, no matter what I do. People think I am conceited or a hypocrite when I tell them that grief and sorrow and even death do not affect me. It is not conceit. Love that makes me like that is so natural to me that I am always surprised that people can question it.

ROM: What about the lesser creatures and inanimate objects?

KRI: I feel this unity not only with human beings. I feel it with trees, with the sea, with the whole world around me. Physical differentiations no longer exist. And I am not speaking of the mental images of a poet: I am speaking of reality.

ROM: Yes, but it's a reality which seems to reduce the personality, the ego, to a zero. We are taught that this is what we should develop to the fullest here on earth. Wouldn't it be wiser if you taught people that inner awareness can only be found gradually and after long and slow preparation?

KRI: Mrs. Besant once said to me: "I am nothing but a nurse who helps people who are unable to move by themselves and who are in need of crutches. This I consider to be my duty. You, Krishnaji, appeal to people who do not need crutches, who can walk on their own feet. Go on talking to them, but please let me speak to those who need help. Dont tell them that all crutches are wrong, because some people cannot live without them. Please, do not tell them to refuse to follow anyone on whom they can lean."

ROM: What was your answer? I think Mrs. Besant's request was very fair.

KRI: I said to her: "I cannot possibly do what you are asking me. I consider that any definite method or advice is a crutch, and thus a barrier to truth. I simply must go on denying all crutches -- even yours." Do not blame me for having been so cruel to a woman of eighty, to whom I seem to have meant a great deal and whom I always loved and admired.

ROM: I see your point, Krishnaji, nevertheless I question its wisdom. The majority of people are neither independent nor conscious of themselves -- that's why they need help. Your attitude might be considered cruel. Your duty is, I take it, to help people and help as many as you can. Doesn't that mean you have to consider the overwhelming majority?

KRI: I cannot possibly make distinctions between a majority and a minority; for it is wrong to assume that there is one truth for the masses and another for the elect. All people are spiritually equal.

ROM: But even Jesus Christ had to differentiate. He first gave His message to a small minority before it could become public property.

KRI: Is it really so? He gave it to anyone who was willing to accept it. Whether he spoke directly to twelve or to twelve thousand people does not alter this. He spoke of universal things that affected everyone in the world, no matter what their racial, religious, intellectual or social standing. He never appealed to a minority only.

ROM: But wouldn't you consider it wiser to prepare people slowly for a truth that requies such a thorough inner readjustment? Only a few people are ripe for the necessary inner revolution.

KRI: These few matter. Those who genuinely search for truth, who study it from every angle, who test it and open themselves to it, will find it easy to live in constant inner awareness. Preparing people for it would mean compromising.

ROM: And to you, Krishnaji, a compromise is a bargain between truth and untruth?

KRI: Yes. How can you expect me to preach untruth -- no matter in what form -- after having found truth. You cannot find truth by living on a special emotional diet or by using an elaborate system of mental exercises.

ROM: I think you are right; but yet I ask myself, How can truth, as conceived by you, be communicated to the masses?

KRI: (SLOW AND SAD) I, too, often ask myself, How? When I speak in India more than ten thousand people will come to a meeting to listen to me. Thousands come to listen to me in America, thousands in Europe, thousands in Australia. I know most of them come simply out of curiosity or for fun, and only a few because they are trying to find something they haven't found elsewhere. . .

ROM: And you wonder how many of them return home happier or richer?

KRI: Yet I must go on doing it. One can help people only by talking to them, by discussing truth with them.

ROM: You should train some assistants to help you.

KRI: As you know, I abhor the whole idea of discipleship and all the futility of a so-called spiritual organization; yet at times I wonder whether I shouldn't prepare a few helpers who might be able to enlighten those people who won't listen to me because of my former notoriety as "the Messiah". They might listen to my pupils, who have no past to live down.

ROM: Well, it's not difficult to see that your message is more or less the same as that of Christ or Buddha or of any genuine religious teacher. All you demand of people is that they live a life of inner awareness. In such a life none of our self-created shortcomings -- envy, jealousy, hatred and possessiveness -- can exist. But in talking about your teaching to others, I find that many consider it most difficult. It makes me sad that they should find it so -- so hard to understand what seems to me the simplest truth. I wonder why God should have made it appear so complicated?

KRI: It is not God, but ourselves. It seems complicated because of our power of free choice.

ROM: Free choice!?!

KRI: Indeed, it is only our free choice which creates conflicts in our lives; and conflicts are responsible for deterioration.

By free choice we begin to build up handicaps and complications which we are forced to drive out one by one if we are to make our way towards truth.

ROM: Then we should despair, according to you, just because we have been given the faculty of free choice? Would it be better if we were animals, which simply follow their dark fate and do not know what free will means?

KRI: Not at all. Only the unintelligent mind exercises choice in life. When I talk of intelligence I mean it in its widest sense. I mean that deep inner intelligence, emotion and will. A truly intelligent man can have no choice, because his mind can only be aware of what is true and can thus only choose the path of truth. An intelligent mind acts and reacts naturally and to its fullest capacity. It identifies itself spontaneously with the right thing. It simply cannot have any choice. Only the unintelligent mind has free will.

ROM: Well, I have never come across this conception before, but it sounds convincing.

KRI: It can be nothing else; it simply is like that. You know, many things have become clearer for me since we started our daily conversations. After one of our first talks I had a particularly vivid experience of inner awareness of life. I was walking home along the beach when I became so deeply aware of the beauty of the sky, the sea and the trees around me that it was almost a sensation of physical joy. All separation between me and the things around me cease to exist, and I walked home fully conscious of that wonderful unity. At dinner with the others I almost seemed as though I had to push my inner state behind a screen and step out of it; but, though I was sitting among and talking, that inner awareness of a unity with everything never left me for a second.

ROM: How did you come to that state of unity with everything?

KRI: Dont expect a dramatic account of a sudden miracle. My inner awareness was always there; though it took me time to feel it more and more clearly; and equally it took time to find words that would at all describe it. It was not a sudden flash, but a slow yet constant clarification of something that was always there. Nothing can grow in us that is of spiritual importance. It has to be there in all its fullness and the only thing that happens is that we become more and more aware of it. It is our intellectual reaction and nothing else that needs time to become more articulate, more definite.

ROM: As I take leave of you I cannot help but ask again, How do you expect to help others? The inner revolution you demand requires a strength possessed only by a few. You have achieved it, and you are standing on a mountain top on which you can live in a state of unity with the world that amounts to constant ecstasy. But you forget that we all, million and millions of us, live in the vast plains at the foot of the mountain. Few could endure it, a life of continuous ecstasy. It would burn them up; it would destroy them to live in that permanent awareness which is essential. I can see it as a goal; I can see that is the only life worth living; but I don't see that we are mature enough for it.

KRI: You are right. They live in the plains and I live, as you call it, on the mountain top; but I hope that ever more and more human beings will be able to endure the clear air of the mountain top. A man infinitely greater than any of us had to go His own way that led to Golgotha; no matter whether His disciples could follow Him or not; no matter whether His message could be accepted immediately or had to wait for centuries. How can you expect me to be concerned with what should be done or how it should be done? If you have once lived on a mountain top, you cannot return to the plains. You can only try to make other people feel the purity of the air and enjoy the infinite prospect, and become one with the beauty of life there.



Cyril Scott



## "THE INITIATE IN THE DARK CYCLE"

By Cyril Scott

Scott, the English composer and occultist, was puzzled by Krishnamurti's rebellion "against all authority in spiritual matters"; for, in effect, this young advanced Mystic was advising students to deny the Communion of Saints and the Lodge of the Masters! So he took the problem up with Hermetic teachers of his acquaintance there in England, a year or two before Landau had his interview with Krishnaji in Carmel. The first edition of Scott's book was published in 1932 by Routledge & Kegan Paul.

First an interview with David Anrias "who knows Krishnamurti personally and has a great affection for him". Scott's wife, Viola, a Theosophist, put the question to him.

"How would you like to have been dedicated to a most exalted and very difficult office," Anrias replied, "before you had time to realize your own personality and what you wanted out of life? Cant you see what has happened? From boyhood he was surrounded by preconceived ideas as to his mission and teaching. Can you wonder that as he began to think for himself he was in resistance to almost everything that was expected of him, and evolved a philosophy which was diametrically opposed to what was anticipated by the Theosophical Society? The very fact that he deliberately avoids all T.S. terminology, when some of it might be so useful, only proves what's going on in his subconscious."

"Then I suppose it's that very reaction in his unconscious," Viola interrupted, "which accounts for the fact that when questions are asked at lectures, he seems impelled to drag in some derogatory allusion to Theosophy, whether it has any bearing on the question or not."

"Exactly. And now you realize why he rose up like Samson and tore down the pillars supporting the Temple of Theosophy, in one last terrific attempt to gain his spiritual freedom."

"Yes, but he crushed the worshippers in the process! Do you really consider one person's spiritual freedom worth the misery he's caused thousands of others?" Viola challenged him.

"Ah, but you must remember it's largely these very worshippers who are responsible for his present attitude. . . What I' trying to get over to you egos is that the ceaseless conflicting demands of crowds of would-be chelas at his lectures, playing on his sensitive aura, forced him, by way of escape, into evolving the theory that both chelas and organizations were hindrances rather than es-

entials. . . Lecturing in any case seems to me rather a wash-out these days. . . After all, so many lecturers only deal out loose generalizations through it, or else make dogmatic assertions about states of consciousness which can only be experienced, never explained; and what's more, to experience them you must be born with the right combination of planets in certain signs and houses."

"Well, it's pretty evident I haven't got the right sort of combination," laughed Viola; "Krishnamurti's philosophy is no use to me!"

#### NOT FOR WOMEN!

"Naturally," David replied, "it's not much use to any woman. In fact, only those who have practised Raja Yoga as men in past incarnations, like H.P. Blavatsky and Annie Besant, can get anything out of it at all. Anyway, as I said just now and don't mind saying again, this whole business of listening to other egos' lectures on Brotherhood or any other ideal can only produce superficial results, applied as it were, on the audience -- and which come unstuck at the first serious test!". .

Later, in the chapter on "The Truth About Krishnamurti", Scott reports relevant conversations with a Master and an adept, at the Master's home in England. He calls him simply Sir Thomas. Is this Sir Thomas More? Martyred by Henry VIII?

"That lunch was a memorable occasion," writes Scott. "There were only four of us present -- Sir Thomas, J.M.H. (the adept), myself and one of the other men. The latter was a few minutes late, and came in when the rest of us were already seated. In his hand was Krishnamurti's 'Star Bulletin'. He opened it, then handed it to Sir Thomas, indicating a certain passage. The old gentleman read it, vouchsafed no comment beyond his usual non-committal 'Tut, tut', and passed it on to J.M.H., who glanced at it, smiled significantly at Sir Thomas, then put it aside.

(The relevant quote from the 'Star Bulletin' of September 1931 is Krishnamurti's reply to a questioner who reminded the young advanced Mystic of the Lodge of the Masters, the Occult Hierarchy who run the planet Earth. Our symbol for that Lodge, as Cabalists of course, is the Tree of Life. In reply the questioner was told: 'You state that there is an occult brotherhood which organizes work for humanity for advancing the welfare of the world. To assume that there are those who have knowledge, who have realized Truth, and because of that realization use methods of which, as is said, very little is known, choosing special agents and messengers to do their work and inspiring worthy organizations -- to me this assumption is based upon an illusion, leading to exploitation of man for his 'good'.')

"The Star Bulletin, I take it myself. But as you see,"

Scott added, smiling, 'I still believe in Masters.'

"'I'm glad somebody does,' Sir Thomas remarked with good-natured irony; 'dear, dear, if Krishnamurti's ideas were universally accepted, some of us might as well take our departure to other planets.' . . .

"'Then I take it, Sir Thomas,' Scott asked, 'you don't altogether approve of Krishnamurti's methods?'

"'Unfortunately he has no proper methods since he took the Arhat initiation, and ceased to be the medium for the Lord Maitreya. Better if he had retired from public life to meditate in seclusion, as Arhats did in bygone days.'"

Lord Maitreya in the East, Christ in the West, the World Teacher referred to by Leadbeater in "The Monad" quotes earlier. Scott's footnote on Maitreya: "The Lord Maitreya is He who, every two thousand years, fulfils His office of World-Teacher by overshadowing a specially prepared medium, in order to give forth a new Teaching suitable for the future development of mankind. The last time, two thousand years ago, Jesus became His medium and yielded himself up for the purpose at the age of thirty. A similar destiny was anticipated for Krishnamurti."

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BUDDY!

"'I'm a bit hazy about that Arhat initiation,' Scott whispered to the man beside him.

"'It's the one in which the Master withdraws all guidance from His pupil, who may have to negotiate the most difficult problems without being allowed to ask any questions,' he explained; 'he has to rely entirely on his own judgment, and if he makes mistakes, must bear the consequences.'

"'And so what did Krishnamurti do?' my host interpolated, obviously having heard. 'Like the proverbial manservant who knows he's about to be given notice, he gave notice first. In other words, he cut himself adrift from the White Lodge, and repudiated all of us.'

"'And unfortunately,' J.M.H. added, 'he induced others far below him in spiritual evolution to do likewise. Also instead of giving forth the new Teachings so badly needed, he escaped from the responsibilities of his office as a prophet and teacher by reverting to a past incarnation, and an ancient philosophy of his own race with which you are familiar, but which is useless for the Western World in the present Cycle.'

"'Then we were right!' Scott exclaimed. 'It is Advaita he's teaching?'

"He nodded.

"'But those to whom he speaks think they are receiving a new

message, and as such it carries undue weight,' Sir Thomas contributed. 'The message he should have delivered, he has failed to deliver -- or only partly delivered. Nothing about Art -- no plans for the new sub-race -- educational schemes dropped -- and in place of all this: Advaita, a philosophy for chelas, and one of the most easily misunderstood paths to Liberation.'

"Then we are to assume,' Scott hazarded, 'that Krishnamurti's mission has been a complete failure?'

"Friend,' said the old gentleman, 'you ask many questions; to what use will you put the answers if we give them to you?'

"Sir Thomas,' Scott replied, 'because of Krishnamurti, many people are in great distress; if you'll be gracious enough to enlighten me a little, perhaps I may be able to enlighten them.'

"Good!' he exclaimed, 'the motive is pure; your questions shall be answered. . . He who attempts to teach Advaita, and omits all Sanscrit terms, courts failure. Sanscrit words engender an occult vibration which is lost when translated. Western words not suitable to describe subjective states of consciousness, because their associations are mainly mundane. . . Well did my Brother Koot Hoomi say that Krishnamurti had destroyed all the many stairways to God, while his own remains incomplete.'"

According to Theosophical teaching, the Master Koot Hoomi is the understudy for the World Teacher, Christ or Maitreya on the 2nd or Buddhist Ray. We believe this is the Master Teacher with whom Krishnamurti unified his consciousness during contemplation, as described in Leadbeater's "The Monad" back on page 10.

"Krishnamurti's teaching would never be suitable for all types in any case,' J.M.H. put in.

"Also, being incomplete,' the old gentleman took up the thread again, 'it may lead to dangers unforeseen by those who attempt to climb it. Danger Number One: Krishnamurti's casting aside of time-honoured definitions and classifications leaves aspirant without true scale of values. Danger Number Two: climbing his particular stairway necessitates constant meditation, which in its turn necessitates constant protection from Guru -- and Guru not allowed by Krishnamurti,' he concluded with a twinkle.

"Of course, a moderate degree may be practised in safety without a Guru,' J.M.H. replied, 'but as Sir Thomas says, long-continued meditation leads to states of consciousness and excursions on to other planes where the Master's guidance is absolutely indispensable. Another flaw in this pseudo-Advaita which Krishnamurti is giving out, is that he addresses the personality, the physical-plane man, as if he were the Monad or at least the Ego (soul or Higher Self). Of course the Monad, the Divine Spark, is the Absolute Existence-Knowledge-Bliss, and hence eternally free; but that doesn't mean that the personality down here, im-

mersed in the endless-seeming Karmic difficulties, can share its consciousness, or even that of the Ego -- the link between the personality and the Monad. Krishnamurti's Advaitism, which is not to be confounded with the recognized form of that noble philosophy, will, I fear, lead his followers nowhere except perhaps to hypocrisy and self-delusion.'

## THE POISON OF DOUBT

"Sir Thomas nodded assent. 'And while he has directed them to repudiate all Masters, he refuses to act as Guru to them himself.' The old gentleman was silent for a moment, then shook his head mournfully. 'Children crying in the night of spiritual darkness, and no one to comfort them. . . He who could help, wont, and we who might help, cant; for Doubt has poisoned their belief in our very existence. No wonder Koot Hoomi's face looks a little sad. . . '

"'You'll forgive me,' Scott said to his host, 'if I go back to the subject we were discussing.'

"'What! More questions?' he replied with mock severity, 'you'll be presenting us with a questionnaire next; well, what are they?'

"'You'll perhaps remember I asked you if Krishnamurti's mission must be regarded as a total failure.'

"'True, true. A success while still over-shadowed by the World-Teacher, as I implied before -- a failure afterwards. He did good work in teaching people to use their own brains and in showing them. . . ' He broke off and waved his hand towards J. M.H. 'Come, come,' he said with a twinkle, 'this is your chela and you leave the old gentleman to do all the work!'

"'He is in better hands than mine,' said J.M.H. laughing. Nevertheless he continued: 'Krishnamurti came to break up the old order of things in preparation for the new, but he broke up too much of the past and prepared nothing for the future. Yet the old order is finished and may not be revived. The day of blind obedience to leaders is over -- salvation cannot be reached merely by worshipping personalities and accepting as gospel everything they say; for to accept is not of necessity to understand. Even so exalted a Being as the Lord Buddha said: 'Do not believe everything merely because I say it.'"

"'He may be termed a forerunner, needed in this particular Cycle, but not actually the World-Teacher,' Sir Thomas put in; 'World-Teacher not expected by us till end of century.'

"'Why should even a forerunner -- ' Scott began.

"'Who shall judge another without knowing his difficulties?' Sir Thomas cut me short. 'A quality has its defects. Need I ask you if you've ever heard Parsifal? No, for you love music as I do.'

Krishnamurti is endowed with Parsifal-like simplicity. Because he has reached a certain state of consciousness and evolution, in his modesty he fails to see that others have not reached it likewise. Therefore he prescribes for others what is only suitable for himself. . . ."



#### TROUBLED IN PARADISE

While Mrs. Crabb and I were preparing the Rom Landau-Krishnamurti dialog from "God Is My Adventure" for presentation to the Honolulu Lodge of the Theosophical Society in 1955, we received an unusually attractive visitor from Ojai, California. She was an artist's model vacationing in the Islands.

Aside from her charm, she had connections -- with the Theosophists at the Krontona center in Ojai, and with the Krishnamurti center in Ojai. In fact she had had an interview with Krishnaji -- at

the going rate -- \$25 for 15 minutes as I recall. We welcomed this opportunity to exchange ideas with someone who could bring us up to date on the current activities of this world-famous and controversial Mystic, but found it difficult to square this commercialization of his time with the protestations of simplicity, even poverty, made to Rom Landau at Carmel in 1934.

Miss Gibson told us that Krishnamurti was being protected from an over-zealous public by a close Hindu friend, Rajagopalachari; who organized the teacher's time, arranged his tours, set up the interview schedule and charges, transcribed his lectures and had them printed and distributed. The impractical mystic had become practical enough to allow someone to take his living ideas and entomb them in dead books! How else could he reach the millions he wished to convert to his Advaita philosophy, but who could not attend his lectures? So, while Krishnamurti continued to live in his "mountain top of the mind", the manipulation of the market place was left to the organizer, Rajagopal, and the money rolled in.

The troubling problem of this commercialization of an old and noble philosophy remained unsolved until we read an interview with Krishnamurti by Bella Stumbo, a reporter for the Los Angeles "Times". She met him, not at Ojai, but at the Malibu beach home of one of his supporters, Mary Zimbalist. Bella titled her article "The World

of Krishnamurti, Philosophy Without Flamboyance", and it appeared in the April 22, 1973 issue of the "Times". There is no need here to go over Miss Stumbo's review of his philosophy. It hasn't changed from what we've already given in the Landau interview, but her closing paragraphs confirmed the trouble we had suspected 18 years earlier.

"And he was gone, without mentioning even in passing that, once, he also had a school in Ojai, located on the old ranch and operated for decades by Krishnamurti's original foundation, Krishnamurti Writings Inc. (KWINC). But it was an understandable omission. In Krishnamurti's conflict-free world, the whole issue is a glaring anomaly.

"Jiddu Krishnamurti broke off with KWINC in 1968, for reasons nobody will discuss, although it apparently centered around a dispute with his old friend, D. Rajagopal, KWINC's director for years. Krishnamurti then formed the Krishnamurti Foundation (KF).

"In 1972, trustees of KF, including Mrs. Zimbalist, filed a suit against KWINC, alleging that Rajagopal and trustees had converted undisclosed assets of the foundation for personal use and had, moreover, failed to carry out the purposes of the foundation by arranging for publication of Krishnamurti's books and lecture tours. The suit, filed in Ventura County Superior Court, asks that a court-appointed administrator take charge of KWINC. Also, KF wants an accounting of assets 'in excess of \$1 million'.

"Meanwhile, Rajagopal has filed a countersuit, demanding \$300,000 in damages from KF, alleging breach of contract and slander. Krishnamurti, says the suit, agreed in 1958 to give KWINC lifetime copyrights in his work. However, says the suit, since 1968 he has provided no materials to publish and has advised publishers that KWINC has no rights to his material. Rajagopal wants a permanent injunction.

"At present, two of Los Angeles' leading law firms are representing the parties. The trial-setting date is April 30 but, meantime, nobody is saying anything. And, of course, it goes almost without saying that nobody would insult Krishnamurti's sensibilities by bringing up such a mundane matter. It would be nice to think he doesn't even care."

If there were follow-up news items on the outcome of the suit in the "Times" we failed to see them; however, adds in the "Times" this spring of 1975 indicate that Krishnamurti continues to lecture and to teach in the Oak Grove at Meiners Oaks, Ojai, California, under the auspices of the Krishnamurti Foundation, Box 216, Ojai, California 93023. Telephone (805) 646-2726. One of his more recent books, in our reference library, is "You Are The World", a paperback published at \$1.95 by Harper & Row, New York, 1972.

#### PATH FOUR, THE PATH TO SIRIUS, FOR MYSTICS

From Alice A. Bailey's "A Treatise On Cosmic Fire", in the section, "The Seven Cosmic Paths".

According to Alice Bailey's teacher, the Master D.K. the outstanding quality of our solar system is Love-Wisdom, rather than Power; so the emphasis is on astral-buddhic development rather than mental development. It should not be surprising then that the majority of the billions of souls occupying the earth and using it for a schoolroom are devotional mystics. The Hermetic types are a minority. The Way of the Monk is more popular.

Bishop Leadbeater made this observation about young Krishnamurti, that his fiery love for his Teacher caused him to jump from the higher Astral plane to the lowest of the Buddhic planes, bypassing his mind. And we continually run into this warning in Oriental mystic philosophies: "The mind is the slayer of the Real."

And such devotees achieve freedom from the Wheel of Rebirth through devotion and activity, of the kind we illustrated in Lesson Nine with excerpts from the Autobiography of Sister Theresa. But as D.K. points out, such initiates and adepts bypass their minds in doing so. This leaves them in a state of lopsided development, even though the demands of the flesh have been mastered. The goal of evolution is to produce whole men and women, with minds and emotions in a state of balance or equilibrium, thus Path Four for Mystics.

Sirius is the Sun behind our sun. Kether on the Tree of Life? D.K. says Sirius is the emanating source of Manas or Mind, to which mystics go for tremendous mental stimulation. It transmits its energies to our solar system through the Pleiades, the Seven Sisters. (Chokmah on the Tree of Life, the Zodiac?) With the planet Venus as the contact point in the solar system. This is Netzach on our Tree of Life, as we know; and Netzach or Venus represents the higher mind, as well as the instincts.

It is by touching this impersonal love aspect of Venus that the Mystic achieves that cosmic rapture described so well by St. Theresa -- a state in which Krishnamurti finds himself all the time -- from what he said to Landau. D.K. says that Cosmic Rapture and Rhythmic Bliss are the attributes of the Fourth Path.

Celibacy is a characteristic of Mystics who are endeavoring to conserve all of their generative energies for re-generation.



Interestingly enough, and perhaps equally significant, is the sun of our solar system, a celibate alone in space with its family of planets. Yet Sirius is married! It's a binary system, two suns revolving around a common center. Perhaps this is an important part of the old prophecy that there will be a new heaven and a new earth. Our sun will take a mate, and our new heaven will have two suns in it instead of one. So the old monastic system is going, with its celibacy; and the higher initiations will be taken two by two rather than one by one, as in the old Piscean Age.

#### THE INVOCATION TO THE FLAME

Here's a suitable invocation to Sirius "the unseen Parent of the Sun". It's a part of our Western Mystery Tradition, from ancient Egyptian rituals. It was given to the Abbe de Villars by the Comte de Gabalis (the Count of the Cabala), and published by him in the little book, "The Comte de Gabalis" in Paris in 1670. We obtained it from the English translation published by Rider & Co. in London in 1911.

I call upon Thee, O Living God, radiant with  
illuminating fire. O unseen Parent of the  
Sun! Pour forth Thy light-giving power and  
energise Thy divine spark. Enter into this  
Flame and let it be agitated by the breaths  
of Thy Holy Spirit. Manifest Thy power and  
open for me the Temple of Almighty God which  
is within this Fire! Manifest Thy light for  
my regeneration, and let the breadth, the  
height, the fulness, the Crown of the solar  
radiance appear; and may the God within  
shine forth!

#### THE FOURTH PATH TRIP TO SIRIUS

We found this description of the mind-stimulating trip to Sirius in the little book, "Christopher", published by his mother, Mrs. Tristram, in England in 1947. Christopher was drowned at sea during the war in 1943. He found his mother still in the flesh without difficulty and began the series of writings which described his adjustment to life out of the flesh. Most important, he soon entered into a life of service to the Christ. Apparently he was of the Mystic type and needed mental development, to better handle the color healing rays used in his work; so it was decided to send

him to Sirius. He was gone from around April 1st to May 27th, 1944 of earth time. Mrs. Tristram's channeling was not automatic writing but conscious reception with the inner ear, much as a secretary takes dictation.

#### LIFTED BY A CURRENT OF RAY-FORCE

"All I could do was gasp with wonder at first, but it was all natural after all, and nothing conflicts with ideas from our planet if we take it all as One God. I am much grown in spirit as a result of the marvels of the Universe, and feel greatly better for it all. Can you visualise the meaning of Christ's birth here on earth? God indwelling Humanity? That is shown in other forms in the far distant stars, and He is creating and indwelling all. I was lost in wonder at His Great Love.

"Let me tell you a bit of the lighter side of our journey. We were lifted by our combined wishes into a current of ray-force to assist our efforts to leave the planetary system to which we belong. All spirits belong to their own planet until perfected, and it needs great desire to leave our sun's control; so this current was set in the direction needed by our party by one of the higher controllers of our planet.

"I must mention my companions who were all from earth and mostly new to stellar space. I was one of the youngest in the band, though a few had joined our life in the war. Our commander was a grand spirit, with years of experience and full of longing for the earth's enlightenment. Cushna knows him well. His name on earth was \_\_\_\_\_. O no you cant quite get it C \_\_\_\_\_. How queer I cant get it into your mind but you ought to know him. Charles Wesley, that's more like it. Only you haven't spelt it right, have you? . .

"Now, Mumsie, have we time for a description of a glory of colour you cant conceive? We gathered speed on the current I spoke of before, till planets looked dim in the distance, and a star came nearer and nearer, showing a great green ball, then paler and bluer until left behind too. After what seemed hours (but time is unintelligible there) we closed in on our destination the star Cereos or Sirius. Rays of glory penetrated our auras, and protecting hoods were pulled around our minds. Colours, O such colours. I have no words for the glory of them. Sirius is a home of radiant spirits who have evolved from many planets into perfection of love and beauty.. God's presence was so near I fell on my face in worship.

"O, Mumsie, I cant describe it, only a fraction can be absorbed by your dear mind. Clear radiance all around. We were supported by our Leader and told to try and see -- after a time we got accustomed to the glory and filled with strength to learn what we came to know. It concerns our little earth so far away -- yet home to all of us; and we then knew how far we had to grow



CHRISTOPHER



ABOVE RIGHT, Charles Wesley, brother of the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, and their mother, Susanna Wesley. From an article on "The Hauntings at Epworth Rectory" in "Fate" magazine, August 1953. As a boy of ten, Charles had first hand experience with powerful and extended poltergeist phenomena in the haunted Rectory home.

AT RIGHT, London, England and the world-famous time-piece, Big Ben atop its tower at Westminster Palace. Its chimes signaled the "Silent Minute", observed throughout the United Kingdom during World War II.



before we attained the glory of spirits we saw. I cant explain what we were taught; it is too far from human words; but it has made me grow in spirit as I never before could have thought of.

"Clear shining hills of jewel colours, green mantle of soft light, glory of brilliant focus points of blazing lights. Colours you cant get near in mind at all. God in all His Beauty. O, Mumsie I have been far and learnt much. Some day you will know, more I cannot describe. . .

"May 28th. . . Now for a short talk of a long journey into the starry spaces where light shines with a grandeur we on earth never know. After leaving Sirius we toured some of the satel-lites around that great home of light. After Sirius they seemed so insignificant and shone only with His reflected light. I saw many forms of life on them all and curious some of them were, in-describable in human words. Quaint living beings without any resemblance to earth forms -- so little that any words I might use would give a false impression. They -- the Satellites -- circulate around Sirius as our planets round our sun; so they have day and night much as we on earth. Clouds were rare as few had any mois-ture or air as we know it. All have life but our scientists cant get the idea of airless life, yet most other planets are airless. May I stop and think it out a bit?

"You are tired, Mumsie, shall we try earlier tomorrow evening? O.K. before Big Ben, 8:30. I'll think out ways of describing the indescribable! Chris. Love to Dad.

"May 29th. (Music on the wireless) Cant you write later? Do let's listen. You're so anxious for our talk! I'll begin, but the Silent Minute comes soon. I want you to be very receptive and try to take on colours you have never seen! Coo, you nearly saw it! I never ventured to suppose you'd get so near! Let's have a big talk after Big Ben. Cant get you quiet before -- no good, Mumsie. (Pause for Big Ben)

"O I was surprised when you came in on my wish wave, just before Big Ben you soared right over my head till I could scarcely follow you. Now shall we have a try to carry you all the way to Sirius? I meant to tell you more about our crossing but decide it is too difficult to describe. I cannot get words, but you must imagine glory of self-luminous world is far beyond that of planets lighted by external rays. Silver-blue and amethyst are the only human colours I can name. No, there was green in many shades.

"I cannot describe contour; for there was no form as we know it. All was harmonious movement, a blending and forming to be swiftly changed at the volition of Beings whose home it was, un-utterably beautiful. Beyond this a further depth I could not fathom in mind. I cant express it, Mumsie darling, it goes too far beyond words. We absorbed as much as we were individually

capable of, and our guide gave us further directions to remove protective cloaks as we fell out of light into comparative dimness.

#### PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

"On to the Satellites in turns. Night on one of these. Queer beings bending in worship to God. All absorbed in praising Him from Whom they came. Not beautiful to earth thought of beauty. Impossible to describe. Lance (his brother) might draw them, but it wouldn't convey the reality. Grotesque, I thought, but their minds had Love in them. Life was there in many forms and all completely alien to ours on earth. I can't use words. They just don't fit. Our guide explained that all were within the aura of Sirius and therefore attuned to high vibrations we have no conception of on earth.

"Each star has a different vibration of its aura and those within this are in bodies attuned to this. Can we go on a little? I wondered so much at all I saw that I failed to take in some of the teaching, so had to stay behind on one Satellite and miss out on the next. My guide said it was not so important.

"Have you done higher mathematics? It was something like grasping the Calculus before one has learnt one's numbers. I just had to go back to learn a bit before I could go on. Now I think you had better stop and go to bed. I can see your mind is tired. Tomorrow sometime? Righto.

"May 31st. Your cat is so affectionate. I can see his little mind working in love for you and Dad. Yes, I think we can manage without turning him off. I want to try and focus your mind on another aspect of my tour -- that of taking radiance back to Earth. We were not only learning but helping conditions here by collecting radiance in our minds to distribute here at home. You can't understand how this is done, but it follows as a matter of course on our attaining a certain stage of development.

"The swift flowing current carried us on our return, but we made a halt at Orion where a few joined us who had not been so far. Orion is a peaceful star of great power; it is controlled by overseers of star systems who give out far reaching influence through the surrounding universe. Blue is the prevailing colour and overwhelming forces are in the blue rays which proceed from it. Very scientific they seem to be there with knowledge unobtainable to us. I was scarcely able to breathe there was so much wisdom all over the place. Orion came out of creation long before our sun was born -- we'll go on later, darling. Your mind was so nice and she smudged it all! (Some friend or neighbor must have come in?)

"However, Mumsie, you are wonderful clearing up so well. Gorgeous colours of thought penetration all over Orion and marvellous kaleidoscopic patterns of intricate design. I have said blue was the prevailing colour, but other colours were there which

you dont know. Human words aren't much after leaving earth; so I cant attempt descriptions. (Here it is obvious that Chris is living intensely in that present time, pure, conscious self-awareness, which Krishnamurti experiences constantly, and which is so difficult to get across to ordinary mortals bound up in the internal dialog of their past. Words are abstractions of reality, something that is past. Words cannot describe the vivid awareness of the present! RHC.)

"Our way home was interspersed with smallest stars all of great beauty; and some over, some under, the radiance of the sun. I am glad to have seen it all, although I cant explain it to you as I should like to. . .

"June 3rd, 1945. "Can we go over to Orion for a few minutes? I am hoping to give you some idea of the dimensions of a visible part of the globe of marvellous creations. You keep thinking of clear blue, but that is not the colour at all. Blue of an opaque turquoise shading into green or white in parts, all illuminated by light given out in bands of colour from within. A million bodies the size of earth would scarcely reach the circumference stretched into line. All beings there are very high, and gifted with extraordinary intelligence, which makes our earth minds seem babyish indeed. Only kindness makes them receive us with gracious hospitality, and explain their vast mechanisms reaching far out to other stars. I was, of course, too small to begin to understand, but took in that help others was the purpose of it all. Come on Mumsie, you are slow tonight. That's right, be more awake. I cant tell much more for lack of words to fit what I saw.

"June 7th. Came to tell you that I am officially promoted Captain of a team of ray-light workers for Britain. Am terrible bucked and crowing no end. Hope you'll be able to call on me for ray-light work on occasions. Useful in every way, but chiefly healing of mind troubles such as nervous disorders, grief and anxiety."

We have made a photo-offset printing of all 116 pages of "Letters From Christopher", from the review copy sent to our founder director, Meade Layne, in May 1947, by Mrs. Tristram. Letters to her home address of that time: Cox's Mill, Dallington, Nr. Heathfield, Sussex, England have been returned marked "unknown".

To anyone engaged in spiritual healing of any kind, Chris's description of color-ray healing work should be both informative and stimulating, giving another perspective on this, one of the most important activities of any student of the Mysteries. Our charge for the reproduction, \$3.75. It includes a photo of Christopher Tristram.

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